THE COMMONWEAL

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DAWN-LIGHT AT LAUSANNE

A MONTH ago we commented upon the outstanding response to the Pope's appeal to all the nations and peoples of the world to unite with him in prayer and penance as the most effective, because it is the most fundamental, remedy for the present ills of humanity. The press reported the statements of many leaders of Protestant Christianity—including that very influential organ, the *Christian Century*—warmly agreeing with the Pope's diagnosis of the causes of our social disease, and joining with him in applying the proposed remedy. As we said at the time, it is difficult to estimate the full effects which spiritual and moral forces produce when applied to the solution of political and economic problems. The powers which have ruled the world since the breakdown of the unity of Christendom long ago cut themselves loose from direction by the principles of Christianity. Europe and America have contained millions of Christians since the fatal breakdown of its religious unity; but the controlling powers of government, of education, of business and finance and of the press, rapidly ceased to be Christian in any real sense. They became more and more secularist, materialistic and nationalistic. It was not a Christian Europe which plunged into the maelstrom of the World War, for Christian principles had long before the war lost all direct influence over the policy of nations, or the operations of trade and finance and industry. The Western world, in nearly all its main departments, had apostatized from Christianity; it followed its new idols of national pride, and private and corporate greed, and sowing the seeds of universal evil it reaped the whirlwind of the war. Christians suffered with the rest. Upon them, indeed, rested an even greater responsibility than upon the others; for they had sinned against the light, while others had been as those of whom Christ spoke from the Cross: they knew not what they did.

Now the Pope speaks once more. "We should be failing in our duty if we did not thank Divine Goodness for the faint dawn of better days that we appear to see on the horizon," he is quoted as saying in reference to the Lausanne settlement of the reparations problem. "He was speaking to the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the occasion of the reading of a decree proclaiming the heroic virtues of Maria Crocefissa Dirosa of Brescia, who died in 1855.

" 'It is a particularly consoling thought for us that the first symptoms of a return of better times come at

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the end of the month dedicated to the Sacred Heart, in which we invited humanity to turn to God in a spirit of repentance and prayer,' the Pontiff declared. 'We must now continue to pray with redoubled confidence because the goodness of God appears about to listen to us.'

" 'The all-embracing charity of the Venerable Maria's work,' he continued, 'would be extremely providential today, when social doctrines are being spread that throw class against class and exaggerated and savage nationalism pits nations against nations and peoples against peoples.'

" 'The inevitable consequence of this situation is a universal crisis that after an unleashed race after money has produced a hungry quest for bread,' the Pope declared. 'This crisis, it is true, has given rise to many beautiful manifestations of Christian charity but has also caused an untold amount of suffering and tremendous competition for what little work is left.'

" 'Money in itself is completely devoid of value,' the Pope concluded. 'In fact, we have seen the riches of private individuals as well as the riches of nations and peoples vanish, impotent to provide the needs of life. The saints instead teach us to regard wealth with complete contempt, as God Himself regards it.' "

Even when denouncing the evil effects of mammon worship in the sternest words, backed up by the teachings of the Church since that Church began the work given it by God Himself, the Pope, in full consistency with Catholic doctrine, distinguishes between the rich who abuse their power, and the rich who recognize the Christian principle of the stewardship of wealth: of the strict duty which those who possess wealth have to use it for the benefit of the poor. For, he says, "today's crisis has taught the worldly rich the futility of their wealth."

Even those who would not attribute to the crusade of prayer led by the Pope any good effect upon the negotiations between statesmen and economists, must still admit that the arousing of public opinion to favor some solution of the problems facing the world that would increase good-will among the nations is at least partly due to the action of Pius XI. As far back as 1922, on the eve of the Genoa Conference, the Pontiff called upon the nations to settle the issues of reparations and debts in a spirit of mutual helpfulness. In his letter to Cardinal Gasparri in 1923, he reiterated his plea, and did so once more in his proclamation of last December.

It is true that there is yet only a gleam of the hope of a brighter day for the world presaged at Lausanne. The utterances at Washington of leaders of both political parties not only show grave anger over the special agreement which connects ratification of the Lausanne agreement with the action of the United States in regard to European debts, but also prove how thorny a problem, at best, the whole business is. Yet one fact seems clear. Even if the Lausanne agreement is only provisional and tentative, it does mark a step toward ultimate solution. If irritation and anger can be controlled on both sides of the Atlantic, and the spirit of conciliation and good-will can prevail, the dawn-light discerned by the Pope will grow into the sunshine of a better day than the world has witnessed since before the war. It is the greatest duty of all statesmen, and of all who influence public affairs, to work together to preserve and strengthen that spirit of coöperation.

WEEK BY WEEK

Time for a Siesta

IF TAKEN at their news value, the battles of politics appear to have cooled off into mere desultory raids. The air-splitting crescendoes of the Democratic Convention have died down to memories of Mr. Roosevelt's address (which, judging from a fair sample of the nation's press, did that candidate no end of good) and professions of allegiance from the disappointed. Only the prohibitionists threaten to make a stand for a third party, and in all likelihood even they will not conjure more than a gesture out of that threat. Yet all is not siesta that seems tranquillity. The controversy over the Eighteenth Amendment is slowly coalescing into the biggest issue confronted by the American people since the sixties. Faced with the remarkable fact that the Democratic party did not split over the repeal plank as it did under the stress of the controversies of Douglas's time, Hoover Republicans are still hoping that it will be divided against itself at the November ballot-box. As a politician the President has been obsessed during the past four years with the idea that wet pressure may force the South into his party. He has accepted—even as did Mr. McAdoo in 1924—the theory that moral principles espoused below the Mason and Dixon's line are mighty political weapons. It is for this reason that Mr. Hoover has permitted Catholics to owe him nothing; it is for this reason that he threw a blanket of vagueness over the Republican attitude toward prohibition. We mention these facts simply because they are facts, and because we believe that the Hoover strategy rests on the belief that the North will stand pat for him while the South compensates for possible defections in the West.

The Ragged Army

DESPITE all the literature on the subject, it is probable that few citizens really know what the bonus army is like. It is, to begin with, a remarkable good sample of what the A. E. F. was in 1918—an even though brilliantly variegated assemblage of men from all ranks of a society which produces many temperaments but few ideas. Meeting a section of it is startlingly akin to the experience of running into one of General Pershing's regiments around St. Mihiel. Age and work have dampened a little of the exuberance, but on the whole the simple readiness to answer a call, the horse-sense and the sentimentality are all present. The

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men grumble a great deal, sometimes about things in general and again about their troubles of the moment. Give them a signal and they are promptly up, alert to form in column of platoons and march to the Capitol once more. Economics now—even as generalship in 1918—is to them merely what Al Smith has pleasantly labeled "baloney." Such things are indifferent to them. They are human beings rallied about the banner of their own intrinsic dignity. They testify to the drawing power of those speeches to the effect that "man is more than dust" which have lately resounded to the four winds. Meanwhile Washington, beset with problems of its own, has a warm spot in its heart for the bonus army even while it shakes its head. Some think that the only solution is to offer transportation back home. Others believe the "army" should be given a chance to enlist in a specially organized body of federal troops. But the city as a whole cheerfully gives to the support of the stranded veterans. Almost every grocery store displays a container into which one may drop cans of food, and the donations made are numerous everywhere. Housewives patiently answer doorbells when somewhat tattered but nevertheless proud fellows armed with honorable discharges suggest the purchase of a magazine or some other useless trifle. Yes, the movement is not simply a problem but a significant human manifestation which has appealed to the country's imagination.

Federal Kidnapping Law

A FEDERAL statute has formally been passed, and signed by the President, fixing the penalty at a $5,000 fine or twenty years' imprisonment for sending attempts at ransom extortion or kidnapping threats through the mails. At the time when indignation over the tragic Lindbergh case was at its height, the demand for some federal supplement to state laws regarding kidnapping was voiced. While sympathizing with the combination of helplessness and horror in the public mind which made such a demand natural, and even inevitable, we ventured to voice a question as to the real usefulness of satisfying it. That is still our position. It is not the possible technical complications in the application of such legislation to cases already claimed by state jurisdiction, that we have in mind—though legal experts might, we think, cite them in compiling a hypothetical adverse opinion. It is rather the addition of one more not strictly necessary law, to a group of laws—the federal —which are not, in the main, enforced with conspicuous success; and it is, especially, the misemphasis which this law may fairly be said to imply. Whatever lack made the whole grisly chain of events possible in the Lindbergh case, it was not a lack of laws. On kidnapping, they are explicit and severe. We must turn our attention elsewhere for the remedy, and whatever contributes to the idea that this is not so, helps to promote a dangerous illusion. The underpriveleged and uneducated who make up the masses of those who believe reverently in morality by law-making, must somehow be impressed with the fact that morality begins long before the law takes effect and is not secured by high-sounding formulas but by an everlasting and arduous struggle over a great diversity of minutiae.

Georgian Catholics

THE CURRENT number of *L'Unité de l'Église,* a magazine published at Paris by the Assumptionists Fathers, gives some account of the suffering of our fellow Catholics of the Georgian Rite, under the Bolshevist persecution. The Georgian Rite, it may be explained, is a variant of the Byzantine, with its liturgy in the ancient Georgian language. The great majority of the Georgians belong to the Orthodox Eastern Church, of which they once formed an autocephalous unit, but in 1804, when the country was annexed by Russia, the national Church was suppressed and the people forcibly incorporated in the Russian Church. As the result of a seventeenth-century movement toward reunion, there was then a considerable body of Catholic Georgians, but the rite was proscribed by the Russians and those who would preserve their faith were obliged to sacrifice their rite and become either Latin or Armenian Catholics. Then, for more than a century, the sole representatives of the Catholic rite were the members of a congregation at Constantinople.

THE FALL of the Russian imperial government in 1917 made it again possible for Georgian Catholics to follow their national rite and, moreover, a widespread movement toward reunion developed among their Orthodox fellow citizens. As a consequence the number of Catholics rapidly rose, until in 1925 they amounted to forty thousand. Then came the Bolshevist persecution and the hope of a Catholic Georgia was once more crushed. The success of the movement toward reunion was chiefly due to the efforts of the members of an order of Georgian monks, known as the Servants of the Immaculate Conception, and particularly to the truly apostolic labors of their Superior General, Father Chio Batmanisvili. Continuing his efforts despite the Bolshevists, he was finally arrested in 1928 and thrown into prison where, in common with so many other priests, both Catholic and Orthodox, he has since been suffering a living death, borne, however, as his letters show, with the greatest fortitude. The grace of God is his strength, he bravely writes, and he looks forward to the palm of martyrdom, the reward of the persecuted. Several other priests of the same order are suffering a like fate or have already secured the crown; but successors, alas! are not forthcoming, and there are now no more than two or three Catholic priests in all Georgia. Thus, once again, the Catholic Georgian Rite is being exterminated by Russian tyranny and oppression, led by a Georgian, Stalin, who at one time studied for the priesthood in his native land.

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THE FOLLOWING incident that was reported in the New York *Times* seems at first an indication that the world is indeed becoming very effete. A few days ago Park Commissioner Walter Herrick was confronted in his office in the old arsenal in Central Park by a prominent woman whose home was across the street on Fifth Avenue. Directly behind the arsenal, be it said, is a zoo under the protection of the park commissioner. "I would like to buy one of your lions," said the lady, "that big lion that roars so loudly—named Akbar?" "And why?" inquired the commissioner. "I want to take him home to my husband," said the lady. "My husband would like very much to shoot that lion." It is reported that the commissioner suspected the lady of desiring to injure her husband. Under the same circumstances, we would rather have imagined that she was simply seeking to indulge her husband in a little big-game hunting in his parlor without putting him to the time and expense, things being as they are, to go all the way to Africa, where the hunting according to reliable first-hand evidence is no more dangerous; in fact, if there are scatter rugs in the parlor, Africa is possibly the less dangerous. It turned out that the lady and her husband objected to the noise that the lion made at eight o'clock every morning, when the animals are released into their cages from the overnight house, and that Akbar would probably have been disposed of in the butler's pantry. The keeper, when questioned by the commissioner as to why the animals made so much roaring and whining in the morning as they were released, sagely replied, "Have you ever spent a hot summer night in an animal house?"

Summering in the City

POLICE in a Wisconsin town have issued an order restraining citizens from carrying off the bathing beach. This sun-tan factory was situated, it appears, on a collection of stones usable for rock gardens! Various commonwealths well supplied with boulders ought to get valuable copy out of this. Why not advertise Connecticut, for instance, as the state where rock gardens may be had free with every lot? Quite earnestly regarded, however, the current vogue of this variety of landscape is impressive. The idea originated in the mountainous regions of Europe, where it was felt that such gardens afforded a way of conserving charming and endangered flowers indigenous to the "soil." Thereupon the slogan appeared: "Have a little Switzerland in your home." In the United States, the average "rockery" is a place about four feet square adorned with illy assorted stones between which sprigs of ivy, lone nasturtiums and sundry gaudy blooms no one would dare grow elsewhere have been inserted with a nonchalance worth the attention of a certain famed cigarette. What to make of the result finds us guessing. Of course it will not do to dismiss the thing as ugly. Perhaps this is a style of horticulture in which may be discerned a new ideal of loveliness. We should, however, like to suggest, very humbly, the following: if the rock-garden idea last longer than did Tom Thumb golf, we shall cheerfully forego all claims to the gift of prophecy. But we shall not be happier as a consequence than we are now.

The Omnipresent Rockery

WILLIAM SHARPE, who wrote certain remarkable strophes on the white peacock; or Herman Melville, whose chapter on white things, in "Moby Dick," is so enchanting; or Meredith, who gave the snowy cherry tree a lasting epithet, "a flush of white"; or Swinburne (we think it was Swinburne) who made a list of the stainless splendors cherished by poets—"white foam, white flowers and white peaks"—might each have got a moment of the purest pleasure out of a recent hot night in New York. For the fourth time in the city's history, the white moths came back. Blown in by the hundreds of thousands (no one knows whence) they moved above the metropolitan canyons in fluttering drifts. Motorists, seeing the white wall slanting toward them out of the darkness, said to each other in startled wonder, "Snow?" Lines of petal-like wings, never still, covered the rigid geometry of the midtown section, rail and roof and ledge. Globes of light everywhere had a wide-moving aura that swung in and out of the darkness. Ennomos Subsignaria is not a destructive moth, so our account with him registers pure gain. And even when he dies (as he does shortly), so light is the life which his delicate and beautiful wings carry, that though one feels a certain pathos, it would strain the mood inordinately to call it sorrow. May he return to give delight to other hot and dusty summers!

Ennomos Subsignaria

IN ENDORSING the sufficiency of local legislation, we would not be thought to imply that it does not occasionally reach a rich excess. We do not know one simple exact term to designate the opposite of economy and moderation in statute-making; but we say, with some confidence, that we do know a simple, exact example of it. Its name is Centralia, in the state of Washington; and in its zeal to celebrate Pioneer Day next month, it decreed that all its male citizens capable of doing so should grow beards to ornament the pageantry of that occasion. One recalcitrant (spurred thereto by "the lady friend," as he afterward stated in court) caused himself to be shaved. But he was reckoning without the stern judicial temper of the local judge. After taking the deposition of a barber to the effect that the defendant could grow a beard an if he would, this custodian of the pioneer spirit imposed a fine of $25.00 on the shaven one, and uttered a grim warning to other feminine potential trouble-makers about their husbands and sweethearts being "taken out of circulation." It is so exquisitely like something out of Dickens that we have not the heart to scold.

O Pioneers!

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COURAGE AND CREED

ONE NEED not have looked far abroad in this time of trial to realize that the nation is anxiously weighing in the balance the ideas by which the recent past has lived. The conviction that it will not suffice to change this or that practice, but that a thoroughgoing revision of standards is needed, seems almost characteristic of prevalent thought. Mr. Roosevelt sounded this note in his convention speech at Chicago; and it is worth while reading through a file of local newspapers to see how the same idea has been repeated literally hundreds of times during recent months by comparatively modest orators who, for the most part, were certain five years ago that they were living in the nicest of all possible worlds. The immense popular success of such men as Father Coughlin is thus accounted for. We ourselves have come to believe that the lively interest taken in this magazine by its friends is in large measure due to the feeling that some such rallying in the spirit as we have advocated is now more imperative than ever.

Yet what shall the "new" order be? In replying, it is interesting to observe several epoch-making differences between current opinion and that which might have appeared under similar conditions a generation ago. The first is this: though the world is, as always, plentifully supplied with extremists ready to break heads cheerfully for their favorite utopias, society as a whole has lost faith in the "inevitable conflicts" of yore. Men do not seem willing to trust everything to the group, as the many varieties of Socialism once advocated. On the other hand they are just as suspicious of individualism. What they are favoring, and that in steadily increasing measure, is a workable compromise between the two. Which means, some of the specific suggestions of Socialism figure in the projections of a new order visualized by nearly every thoughtful man. Here the program of agricultural reform which Mr. Roosevelt has accepted in principle is a good example. This program (which a COMMONWEAL editorial analyzed some weeks ago) demands recognition of rural solidarity but still depends upon the initiative of every farmer. On the other hand, the ancient progressive notion of following the class or group to happiness is an equally empty bubble now. All know that strong men, with power and authority, are needed. The individual is returning to the seat of government, even though fewer people than ever lay any store by the Mussolini myth.

Another difference is a discernible change in the attitude toward wealth. Americans in particular have been educated out of the fancy that the power of money could be accumulated minus responsibility. The mere fact that millions of persons possessing something have learned to share that with others has had an almost measurable psychological effect. Five years ago the man who was willing to accept a small salary for work that consisted in serving others was visibly losing caste. Citizens worshiped brute financial power because that seemed a harmless tribute to the brains and energy of a given man—or even because it seemed that the greatness of the nation was proved by the fact that it could create stupendous fortunes. Today that power is as uneasy as any ever lodged in a crown. And for much the same reason. The trouble with endangered kings was that they were no longer able to adapt the might concentrated in their thrones to social tasks. The wealth of the present is—as Baron Thyssen has said—a static thing which cannot find the connection with social dynamics. It is just as if mankind had accumulated a vast supply of electricity but was without transformers and circuits. The rich man of the present is not hated, as of yore, because he "has" more than others. He is being looked upon as an anachronism which must explain itself. Economic training has taught thousands that the value of individually held riches lies in the fact that in part they tend to be used in starting productive enterprise. But now these riches will not start the enterprises. As now held, they are evaporating under the very eyes of the possessor!

There is no need to enumerate further obvious differences between the ideology of the present and the past. Put these two together and they signify that what has come to us is a new understanding of social and individual responsibility. What has happened to wealth, for example, is not different from what has happened to government. This, too, has become a storehouse of seemingly unusable energy. Mr. Hoover, for all the authority attendant upon his office, has demonstrated that the kind of rule to which we have been accustomed cannot be brought to bear upon vital problems.

It seems, as a consequence, that humanity is unquestionably entering a time when the engineering upon which social order depends will seek a new formula and work according to it as best it can. The underlying principle will be: each person owes to the community with which he is associated by inner necessity more of spirit and of work than his fathers saw fit to give, but the value of the community itself will depend upon the development of the individual. Thus the aim will be not to confiscate private wealth, but to insure poverty against want; to curtail financial energy capable of being invested, while transforming and distributing that energy more widely; to design no more businesses than are needed, but to increase the need for businesses. Of course the full application of this principle will not be achieved, any more than the theories underlying mediaeval coöperation of modern capitalism were put into practice. What will happen is merely this: for a long time to come, despite all handicaps, the civilization of the West will attempt to apply it. Such an outlook is far from discouraging. Indeed, if the spiritual probabilities were just as favorable, if there were a warm promise of awakened religious and ethical insight, one could well afford to believe that one of the great human epochs lies just around the corner.

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THE COLD GREY MORNING AFTER

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THE TREMENDOUUS contrast between the Republican and Democratic Conventions was not accidental. It was fundamental. It was the contrast between the two parties; the contrast between the Republican party of old and the Democratic party of old. But something entirely new was added. This was a contrast far more significant, in this year of upset and doubt in every man's personal affairs. It was a contrast between the Republican party of old, purged for the first time of the discordances that have been troubling it since long before 1912, and a new régime in the Democratic party—the régime of the rural South and trans-Mississippi West, as against both the urban and the rural Eastern and Central states.

In everything that happened at Chicago preceding and following Roosevelt's nomination, this determination that the scepter should pass into new hands was the standard around which the battle raged. It is the explanation of all the apparent irresolution, the changing of lines under fire, the advances and retreats. They were not, as hasty commentators sometimes thought, merely another evidence of the Democratic party's hopeless habit of inharmony. They were, one and all, the confusions produced by the attempt of new leaders to use power roughly and harshly, and by the shrinking of many of their followers at crucial moments from the dangerous consequences.

The dominant note, among the new leaders, was hatred of the city, and in "the city" they included the rural domains of the East from Passamaquoddy Bay to the James River, and from Massachusetts Bay to the eastern border of the Mississippi. The South, or rather the Southern leaders, led, and the trans-Mississippi West obeyed. The new fear of New York, Chicago, Boston, Cleveland and the regions around them, whether urban or rural, was what inspired at first the ruthlessness with which the Longs of Louisiana and the Wheelers of Montana undertook not merely to defeat the so-called "East," but to exterminate it as an influence in the Democratic party councils.

Nothing more significant, since the Convention, has occurred than the issuance of Alfred E. Smith's statement that he would support the party. There was nothing significant in the announcement itself; nobody in his senses expected Smith to bolt. What is significant is the indication in it of what it was he was replying to. This appeared in such sentences as the one in which he said that he had been receiving "thousands of letters and telegrams" from his supporters asking "for advice and suggestion," and "thousands more making definite suggestions to me." It appeared most of all in this sentence: "Most of the suggestions urge the organization of an independent political party."

If there is anybody so blind as not to see what this carefully restrained statement means, it means that Smith's statement was only secondarily an assurance that he was still regular. In fact, that statement was a reply to the "thousands" of Democrats anxious to bolt. Of course it goes without saying that the "thousands" who wrote or telegraphed to Smith were only a fraction of those who entertained the same idea but did not go to the trouble of expressing it to him. There is, then, most decidedly a desire among Democrats not yet countable to avoid voting for the new machine which triumphed at Chicago. Smith will give them no aid. His position is precisely analagous to that of Bryan in 1904, when the "goldbugs" triumphed over the Bryanites and nominated Alton B. Parker. Bryan would not bolt; but he could not restrain his followers. They bolted, and gave Theodore Roosevelt the greatest majority that had been received by any candidate. Will Smith, acting as Bryan did, see that result repeated this year?

The reason for this desire to bolt is the dismay with which the victory of the extremists in the South is regarded, still more the almost violent use they made of their power, and more than all "the fear of something yet to come." There is an unconquerable human propensity to personify every motive power in events, to use the name of some individual to describe it, as when one uses the name "Luther" to describe the Protestant uprising or "Robespierre" to personify the Reign of Terror. In accordance with this age-old propensity, the anti-urban, anti-Eastern movement has been described in its home for years as a movement to destroy "the Smith-Raskob influence." But that is only a personification. Smith and Raskob are only names for a part of the country the influence of which this new movement was endeavoring to overthrow for years before Smith became a national figure and before Raskob was ever heard of in politics. That part of the country extends from Boston to Chicago, from the Adirondacks to Richmond.

This, again, explains the strange bedfellows in the anti-Roosevelt combination. In it were wets like Ritchie of Maryland, drys like Byrd of Virginia, and all sorts of men hitherto in disagreement but driven together to meet a common peril. The only unnatural element in that combination was the presence in it of the Garner men, ordinarily to be expected in the same camp with the Southern and far Western Roosevelters. When the combination broke, that was where it broke.

Aside from this, there was no difference in principle, or none worth mentioning, in the Democratic Convention. Appearances to the contrary, there was not even any hatred of personalities, as was shown when the Convention gave Alfred E. Smith its greatest ovation. It is not Smith the individual who is hated, but what

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Smith personifies to the Southern-Western ruralites. What he personifies is not opposition to prohibition; that handy pretense was dropped when the Convention overwhelmingly adopted Smith's own wet plank, the South and West voting for it as enthusiastically as the North and East. What he personifies, to fall myself into that handy habit of materializing the mental, is "the sidewalks of New York"; and if he came from Chicago, or Boston, he would still personify the same detested idea.

This it is which makes the fundamental difference between the Republican and the Democratic Conventions. The Republicans have had something like the same problem on their hands nearly as long as the Democrats have, but this year they banished it. Not that they gave the East any precedence or domination over the West. They simply got together, a long habit of the Republican party, somewhat marred in this century up to 1932. That handy habit of personification extends not only to names but to dates, and it is customary to refer to "the Republican split of 1912" because in that year the Bull Moose defection occurred. But in fact the split existed years before that, and in 1910 the Republican bolters swept Congress and the states into Democratic hands by colossal majorities, to show their disapproval of the government administered by Aldrich of Rhode Island and Cannon of Illinois in the name of President Taft.

That great bolt, 1910, was only the climax of a movement begun by Western Republicans years before and headed by Senators Dolliver of Iowa and Clapp of Minnesota, La Follette of Wisconsin playing his usual part of lone wolf. After the second bolt, the Bull Moose bolt of 1912, the "insurgent" revolt continued; Theodore Roosevelt and La Follette died, and the standard fell into new hands, like those of Norris of Nebraska and Borah of Idaho. La Follette, the year before his death, bolted and ran on a third ticket for President, but got no electoral votes worth mentioning. The Republican leaders were so exercised over it that they undertook, at first, to read the bolting Senators out of the party; but wiser counsels prevailed, and since 1925 the Republicans have been at work in their old rôle, that of harmonizing differences and presenting a united front. It was not until this year that they wholly succeeded, but they did so at the Convention last month. Senator Norris, of course, bolted, as he did in 1928, and there will be some others; there always are; but as a whole the result now on sight is a harmonious and united Republican party facing a Democratic party which has just attempted a dangerous feat.

The next picture will be that of the candidates: Hoover, no great man, but taught and tried by three years of hard struggle; Roosevelt, picked originally by the South for the reason that a man hailing from New York was needed for strategic reasons. Outside of Georgia, which is a residence of his, there was no enthusiasm for Roosevelt in the South or in its ally, the trans-Mississippi region. The Georgia enthusiasm was because Roosevelt of Warm Springs was a neighbor; it did not spread over into Alabama or South Carolina, though those states punctiliously voted for him.

Roosevelt, of course, will be somewhat handicapped by the discord and by the extravagance of his party in Congress, best illustrated in his running-mate, Speaker Garner. From the beginning of 1932 the Democratic party in Congress has shown no comprehension of the fact that this is a hard year for the man in the street. Its most illuminating proof of its inability to do anything but spend money was in the two-billion "pork-barrel bill" which Mr. Garner tried so hard to put through and which President Hoover—with the Republican party back of him—fought so strenuously. At this writing, Congress is still in session and still behaving in the same way, despite the efforts of the President, his party, and some Democrats with vision. The difficulty of reconciling this spectacle with the excellent platform promises made by the party in convention only the week before is one of the hurdles Mr. Roosevelt will have to take. It will need all his pleasant personality to enable him to take it.

It would be foolish to deny that anti-Catholic prejudice in the South and the far West, but mainly in the South, played some part in the decision—and in the indecision. The East is visualized not only as a home of bloated Wall Street speculators and Chicago gangsters and monstrous creatures in Tammany Hall, but as spotted with cities in which the crafty priests and their docile tools are gaining a power dangerous to this nation. When Smith, at Chicago, said he had been defeated four years ago because he was a wet, it was a Texas delegate, Maury Hughes of Dallas, who immediately took the platform and denied it, saying that what happened to Smith was that he had been "crucified on the cross of religious intolerance." But this element should not be overestimated; if all the Easterners had been Protestants, as Ritchie was, what happened at Chicago would have happened just the same.

The issues, despite the platforms, will not be drawn until Hoover, in his plodding and painful way, beats out his speech of acceptance. Platforms are never remembered after the speeches of acceptance have drawn the real lines. Roosevelt has made his, but did nothing to define the issues, speaking as usual in his agreeable and general way. On only one point did he have anything new to say, and that was his idea of employing "a million men" to work at reforestation. An attempt was immediately made to blast the plan by the statement of the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Hyde, that it would not employ them over three hours. Roosevelt, asked to reply to Hyde, refused on the ground that Hyde was only a Cabinet officer and that he, Roosevelt, would reply to no one of less eminence than Hoover. Other replies to Mr. Hyde effectively showed that if Governor Roosevelt had exaggerated the merit of the reforestation idea, Mr. Hyde had ridiculously minimized it. It is therefore doubly up to Hoover to draw the issues.

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A WINDOW AND A VIEW

By VINCENT C. DONOVAN

STAINED glass, as we know it today, has been in liturgical use since the eleventh or twelfth century, reaching its heights in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It really came into its own as an art with the creation of Gothic architecture. The windows were practically the only places ornamentation could fit into the general scheme without being merely decorative. Art for art's sake is against the whole liturgical idea. The purpose of the liturgy is instruction moving to solid devotion, or wills enkindled to right action through knowledge of truth. So the windows in the churches became not merely huge tapestries of polychromed glass, but pages from the Book of Life to enlighten and inspire. They presented vividly to the faithful the events which the liturgy was daily commemorating in its yearly cycle.

How masterful a teacher stained glass could be was impressed upon me recently while blessing one of the finest windows in this country, wholly worthy of the art of the thirteenth century. It is the window donated to the chapel of Canterbury School by John William Mackay, an alumnus, in memory of his grandmother, Marie Louise Mackay, mother of Clarence Mackay. Mr. D'Ascenzo of Philadelphia is the artist responsible for the making of the window. The symbolism was suggested by the head-master, Dr. Nelson Hume. It embodies not only the particular purpose of Canterbury School, but the whole system of Catholic education as well.

The window bears the images of the Canterbury saints, depicting significant incidents in their lives relative to Catholic education. Since Catholic education has God as its Beginning and End, it is fitting, in keeping with mediaeval custom in windows as in "Summae," to begin with God, and go down the scale of being to show proper relationships; so here the dominant figure is Christ the King. The five panels of the window are dominated by that Figure in the upper central panel. Over His left shoulder is a symbol of the Father, a triangle enclosing the Hebrew word for God, *Jawveh.* Above the Head, which bears a crown designed after Charlemagne's, is the dove, symbolic of the Holy Ghost. Christ in His left hand holds the scepter of the Cross on a globe, and His right hand is raised in benediction. His feet are on the earth whence flow the four rivers of the Apocalypse, and other symbols of Saint John's vision. In all of this symbolism are epitomized the reasons for Christ's Kingship of the world—as God He is the Creator and Conserver, and as Man God its Redeemer, from Whom all blessings flow.

In the upper panel to the left of this is the Blessed Mother, her eyes on her children below, her hands opened as Mother of Grace. Above her is her symbol —roses—she being the Rose of Jericho. Topping the panel to the right of the central one are lilies, the symbol of Saint Joseph, whose rod, blossoming in the Ark, showed he was God's choice as a spouse for Mary, and so foster-father for His well-beloved Son. This different relationship of Joseph and Mary to Christ is seen in the difference of their attitudes in this window. While Mary is poised with assurance as Queen, the channel of God's gifts to men, Joseph, in the parallel panel, looks up at Christ in humility, love and petition. Joseph is guardian only, the protector of the work of the Holy Spirit. It is this Spirit that unites all three in the Holy Family. The circle, which unites these three panels, and which is of the heads and wings of cherubim, symbolizes not only the unity of the Holy Family, and emphasizes the family as the basis and true source of education, but indicates the end to which all real education should be directed—God. For this circle, catching the Holy Family into its sphere, is representative of the Eternity of the Trinity, contact with whose Life is made possible to us through the Holy Family.

The lower panels are of proportioned significance. In the center, for instance, is Saint Michael, over whose head are the scales of justice. With one hand he wields a lance, driving the dragon of self-love into hell, and in the other he carries his shield, bearing the explanation of his name and office—the Face or Sunburst of God, and "Quis ut Deus?" or Michael's challenging retort to Lucifer's claim that he was like unto God. Certainly that challenge is necessary to an educational system that denies God by ignoring Him, or by its indifference implies its equality with Him. In the educational field Catholicism is the Michael who cries, "Who dares to say he is like unto God?"

The Canterbury saints were concrete expressions of this challenge, undaunted defenders of God's eternal rights. In the window they are ranged about Michael in his fight for the Kingship of God. To the left of Michael is Saint Anselm, great teacher of God's rights, Saint Gregory the Great, who sent Saint Augustine to England in his place to preach those rights, and Saint Dunstan, who watered the seed of Truth. In the panel to the right are Saint Augustine, Apostle of England, Saint Thomas à Becket, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, and Saint Edmund, patron of the head-master of Canterbury School. These saints of Canterbury, with their seals and symbols, are fittingly associated with Michael because each one of them labored courageously to make known to men and secure among them the rights of the Lord of all. This is the supreme end of education—to adjust the powers of man to the rights of God. Peace of soul and social equilibrium are thus established. For there can be no peace where

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rights are violated, and rights take on meaning and value only in their relationship to righteousness, which is conformity to the Will of God.

There are glimpses of this fundamental truth, in various phases, in the little scenes pictured at the bottom of each of the figures of the saints. They are significant incidents not only in the life of each saint but in their universal bearing on education. Under the Blessed Mother, for example, is Saint Ann teaching Mary the way of life, the home being the nursery of heaven. In Saint Joseph's panel, Saint Joseph is instructing Christ in manual labor, the board Christ carries foreshadowing the means of Redemption—the self-discipline symbolized by the Cross. That Cross is the real text-book of education because it is *the* means of developing character, it being a revelation of God and of self, and affording us the means of adjusting self to the great realities of life. These, and our mode of dealing with them, we learn primarily from our mother, who is the educator *par excellence*. So Saint Anselm, in his panel, turns from his books to Mary, who has given us Wisdom Itself.

The seed of Saint Gregory's ambition to educate England to this Wisdom is seen in the depiction of the incident in his life where he saw the blond slave boys, the Angles, whom he said were "worthy to be the angels of God." He sent Saint Augustine to England to effect this. Saint Augustine is seen, with Cross held aloft, and book in hand, preaching to the King of the Angles. The ripe fruit of that teaching is seen in the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket, who at the Altar of Sacrifice proved a true witness to Christ the King. Example, after all, is the most potent teacher. For, as the great Mercier said, "example solves by facts the problem of possibilities."

Kindly old Saint Dunstan is seen pointing out the highest possibilities of life to a typical class of boys. Saint Dunstan had been a teacher before he became bishop, and even after his consecration and in his old age, he occasionally taught youth. The window shows him on one of these occasions. At his feet are grouped typical classroom characters—the alert, generous boy, the thoughtful, intellectual one, the dull and slow one, and the devilish one. This incident is balanced on the other side of the window by Saint Edmund walking through the green fields with the Christ Child, Whose questions and answers had astonished and baffled the worldly doctors of the synagogue. Life, says the window, will be a green and fruitful field for all temperaments and characters if only they will be led by Christ, Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Fidelity to Him goes not unrewarded; His angels even will guard us.

The literalness of this is seen in Saint Michael's panel. His arm is outstretched, with a flaming sword, in protection over Canterbury School Chapel. It has a twofold significance, giving a unity to the whole symbolism of the window. In the time of Saint Gregory the Great a plague was devastating Rome. Led by Gregory, the populace went in procession about the city, pleading God's mercy and protection. As they approached the Tomb of Hadrian (now the Castle of San Angelo) they saw over it, with protecting arm outstretched, Saint Michael with flaming sword ridding the city of its scourge. During the influenza epidemic in the early days of Canterbury School, while the other schools and communities were being ravaged by the disease, the students of Canterbury made daily intercession to Saint Michael, school patron. There was not one victim in the school! As a little act of thanksgiving and faith this incident is incorporated in the window. It is a pledge that all evil will flee when the students themselves, inspired by the Canterbury saints, and under the tutelage of Mary, become Michaels or defenders of the rights of Christ the King.

All this is taught in glass of breathtaking richness of color which sheds a warming glow over the whole chapel. It is a prism reflecting the mystical colors emanating from the Tabernacle which it mirrors. Its symbol is a rainbow in the murky sky of modern education, beginning in the Tabernacle, in the Heart of Christ, and meant to end in the heart of man. Life would be bright and rich in fruits if only we trained our spirits to catch this Divine Reflection as the window has caught its mystic significance!

That, in fine, is the purpose of Catholic education, of which this window gives a comprehensive and inspiring view. True Catholic life is rich in culture because it is a development and adjustment of the powers of man through purification from self. The intelligence can know nothing higher or better than Him Whose image it is. In knowing Him we know all things. The will, with the emotions which nourish it, can have no greater power or experience no greater thrill than contact with the Source of its freedom. To train these supreme and characteristic faculties of man thus to grasp Life is the true purpose of Catholic education.

If one clings with his faculties to God, Who *is* Life, it will be impossible to be attached to public opinion, wealth, worldly fame or mere sensual pleasure. This is true culture. It leaves one cold to anything but the best and noblest everywhere. It fires with militancy (without malignancy!) for justice and charity. It makes for leadership because it insures the ascendancy of the spirit over matter: Truth not self is the object of its endeavors. It colors life, and so enriches it, with God, rather than renders it anaemic through self-seeking. This is the educational function of stained glass in the Church's liturgy, as it is the liturgical function of education in life! So while the glorious window in the Canterbury School Chapel embodies what is this particular school's objective, it also gives a view into the great and intriguing field of Catholic education. Properly fertilized, that field should beget what the world so sadly needs again—the freshness of practical Christianity.

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THE REBIRTH OF BARTER

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Credit instruments have slipped out of relation with real wealth. We have not so far suffered a green-back inflation, but we have seen a terrific inflation of commercial green-backs. No doubt much of this paper a few years hence will have only the curiosity value of non-negotiable currency. In the meantime, the agonies of readjustment are similar to those of a community getting over the effects of fiat money inflation. Barter is an inevitable concomitant of such a situation and Mr. Wilson's study of it is valuable for understanding present conditions reflected in car-loadings and the slowing down of commerce.—The Editors.

RURAL America is getting back to barter. The pioneer's practice of trading farm produce directly for needed merchandise is returning to everyday usage in thousands of rural and semi-rural communities throughout the United States. According to reports of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and the Coöperative Extension Service of the United States Department of Agriculture, agricultural county agents in at least 2,600 farming counties of these United States are now engaged in the encouragement and furtherance of the homely institution.

What are the reasons for this rebirth of barter?

In the first place, it is a specific emanation of a general trend toward greater simplicity in everyday commerce. Today most productive economies are slackening their pellmell forward pace. The current depression, with its glutted farm markets, its increase in number of marginal farms and decrease in marginal cash, gives a very logical background for this reversion to an older school of productive economy.

With all the turmoil of high finance and industry, the farmer is still taking the slim cut of the economic pie. The price of his products still ranges from 20 to 40 percent below the prevailing level of manufactured goods, and despite the tribulation of big city business the actual flow of cash is vastly more retarded in rural business than it is in urban business. Three-fourths of the past decade's total of some 9,000 bank failures, have occurred in rural communities or in farming centers with populations of less than 2,500. Recent bank failures also have been preponderantly rural, little banks with segregated clientelle and trade areas, banks with slight capital which went on the rocks because of overdependence upon sagging farm real estate and crop prices. Federal land economists believe that about $3,000,000,000 has been deducted from the rural cash flow since 1928.

Yet, in the face of all this, both tilled acreages and farm population in these good United States are steadily increasing. In 1930 the back-to-the-farm drift overtook the city drift for a rural gain of about 280,000, the first time in more than a decade that city population finished a year in the red. The Bureau of Rural Populations estimates that the close of 1931 saw at least 1,400,000 more urbanites back on the farm. Furthermore, officials of this competent bureau are of the opinion that the population of agricultural America is seriously underestimated by census figures, which are traditionally compiled during the seasons when farm population is at its slightest. Accordingly it is not at all improbable that the readjusted farm census will show some 33,000,000 farming Americans in place of an alleged 29,000,000 now making their living from the noble trade of soil tilling.

Land is now, as it has always been, the old, sure refuge. When jobs in the city become scarce, when factories close and breadlines open, one can still take haven upon the soil, a grim and stern mother, to be sure, but at times a benevolent and bounteous one. At any rate, land can usually be made to yield victuals and the requisite support for a home in return for elbow grease and sweat and planning.

These factors considered, it becomes the more apparent that it behooves the farmer to work toward a practice of local exchange which carries a diminished need for cash and paper credit.

The institution of barter presents a number of current and obvious advantages. It saves unnecessary transportation and storage of various agricultural commodities. It whittles down the middle-man's profits. It tends to reduce consumer's cost through the elimination of excessive advertising. A crop-for-crop or crop-for-goods exchange tends to relieve the discrepancy between farm and commodity price, to serve as a tonic for the prevailing dilemma of farm markets, and finally to verify and to recheck estimates of relative value.

Here is the hypothetical instance of Farmer Jones who raises cabbages, and Townsman Smith, five miles away, who buys cabbage for his table. The cabbage is bought at two cents the head by M. Price, produce dealer; shipped a hundred miles to J. B. Minsky, commission broker; shipped another hundred miles to the storage house of Gormott and Duffy, wholesale produce dealers; then shipped fifty miles to Mills and Milsap, area distributors, only to get back finally to Townsman Smith, after some five hundred miles of unnecessary travel, with a dozen or so price step-ups, so that Townsman Smith pays ten cents for a head of cabbage which Farmer Jones would have been delighted to sell him direct or in barter for three cents. The rebirth of barter represents a primitive and straightforward protest against such fantastic artificiality in methods of distribution.

No mode of commerce is older than barter. It has been a prevailing practice since the first dawn of history. It bespeaks generous reciprocity, a normal process of democracy. Its very directness tends to retard monopoly or undue acquisition of local wealth, to in-

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sure just compensation, to provide equal opportunity, since it conveys no burden of interest nor of accrued debt. It represents a person-to-person compromise.

Certainly barter has been the cradle of American business, the economic groundwork of our productive frontiers. But with the decades of industry began the ever-rising surge of currency exchange. Our mighty agricultural realms relinquished this splendid heritage of barter and docilely accepted the prevailing exchange systems of industry and urban commerce. Mighty centers of distribution arose and to them rural America forfeited the richest plums of productive profits.

There is no reason to believe that barter will command all domestic trade, or that various other systems of exchange will wither before its rising might. But it is an expedient current measure, a move toward greater simplicity in rural business and toward a checking and reclassification of certain basic values. A more direct basis for exchange and for estimates of relative value may have the same cleansing and rejuvenating influence upon the congestions of modern business that more simple diet and ways of living would exert upon some of its befuddled exponents.

Money values and money relations have become far too complicated and indirect for the common good of the rural consumer. Naturally money values cannot be recalled or restabilized overnight. We have no Spartan Lycurgus to rise up and wipe out all gold and currencies. But it does seem possible that some of the entanglements and paradoxes of modern commerce can and should be straightened out a bit. Barter has the precious resources of simplicity and directness. In its practice men have fair opportunity to conceive and openly express their personal estimates of comparative values of the commodities to be traded. It is fair trade perpetuated in an amiable and neighborly relation.

During the past three or four decades the marketing and market distribution of farm produce has developed into a colossal and generally impersonal business enterprise, one which has proven itself too prone toward developing into a grand scale contest of wits between producer and distributor, with the distributor keeping generally on top and the consuming public doing its full share of holding the bag. Barter minimizes class and occupational rivalries. It is essentially a personal and local practice. If Farmer Jackson proposes to trade Storekeeper Johnson a binful of oats for an equipment of winter shoes, then it behooves both to give fair measure and quality, since it is desirable that they continue to barter with each other and maintain their neighborly relations. Thus barter is rich in personal and social advantages as well as in directness and simplicity of economy.

The rebirth of barter is making itself apparent in certain specific ways. The grower-to-consumer marketing of farm commodities is a modified form of barter carried on by means of coöperative curb markets, trading centers in towns, points at which farmers are free to offer their produce for direct-to-consumer sale. This innovation is rapidly spreading. Some 5,300 markets of the sort are now being operated under direction or sponsorship of competent supervisors, either county agricultural agents or marketing specialists employed by state or federal government. Paralleling this trend is a vast increase in privately operated roadside markets where fruits, vegetables, canned goods, juices, poultry products, milk, butter and sundry other produce are offered for direct purchase by passers along. The United States Department of Agriculture is aiding actively in this work, believing it a permanent move toward simpler and better disposition of farm goods. Business conducted in this manner in 1930 is authentically estimated at about $459,000,000, and the indications are that the 1931 total will show a material increase.

The community exchange centers, already under good headway in Ohio, Arkansas, West Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, permit out-and-out barter. To these open trade centers ruralists may bring an oversupply of one commodity and exchange directly for an undersupply of another. The exchange places may be located in vacant homes, untenanted schoolhouses, churches or other conveniently available shelters situated in the backwoods or isolated farming areas. They may be operated coöperatively one or two days a week during the crop season or once or twice a month during the wintertime. Sometimes the centers are maintained privately, the operator charging a toll of the goods exchanged. This innovation is likewise sponsored in some areas by government agricultural workers.

The institution of barter is also giving new scope to the crossroad store. Serving the 6,500,000 farm families of the United States are a total of about 225,000 merchandising establishments which may aptly fall under the heading of country stores. Barter fits well into the scheme of these colorful retainers, about which so much of the commercial life of our country still has its tether. Through all the turmoil of these fast-changing decades the country store has retained a clearly defined trade. On its protecting porches and benches and counters, commoners of the rural spaces are always at liberty to meet and partake of good company. There backbrush sages gather to ponder upon lost causes and misted philosophies. There farm wives may tarry to overhear the talk of knowing men. There urchins, brimming with curiosity and wistful devilment, may come to learn of the ways of commerce, bringing with them sniffing hounds which bear the aroma of open forests and vanquished polecats. There open and homely barter works to general advantage with eggs, butter, fruit, hens, hides, grain, cream or home-cured meats, eligible media for the purchase of shoes, overalls, dress gingham, sugar, coffee, hats, powder puffs and the rest of the modest merchandise that is requisite of the rural homestead. Common assembly and neighborly relation remain basic resources of the country store.

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Rural institutions in general are disposed to run in cycles. The country mill, another long-proven agency of barter, is returning to contemporary reality. Now new grain rattles down into old hoppers. Farm boys once more ride to mill, grain bags propped before them, bodies asway to the leisurely, plodding gaits of their mounts. Even the toll system, whereby grinding charges are paid in grain, is returning; and the country miller once more wields his "toddick" and so packs his bins with fee grain.

The nation-wide trend toward diversified farming sees the common grains—oats, wheat and corn—widely reinstated throughout the entire country, in cotton, fruit and specialized farming areas, as well as in the grain belt. The farspread abundance of home-raised grains parallels the epic leanness of rural purses.

Today farm exchequers are apt to lack the convenient cash which formerly went into the buying of patent flour and the innumerable patented mixings of live-stock feeds heretofore sold under private and far-advertised labels. So the country mill now grinds flour and feed and meal for its own community and, if need be, takes toll in grain. Moreover, it is once more serving as an exchange center for the surplus grain raised in a given community. There the farmer may exchange a surplus of wheat for an undersupply of corn, and so forth, at price ranges which may be verified from month to month by county agricultural agents or some other competent authority. The standard toll now averages about twenty cents the hundredweight, payable either in cash or in grain, taken at current local value.

The revived country mill is returning to fill the wants of its own particular rural community. Its economic scope is not broadly competitive. It does not seek to undermine the staple prosperity of the million and billion dollar milling centers of the Middle West. As a local institution it makes possible a single direct exchange relation, that of miller and patron, thereby saving the rural consumer the accruing costs of storage, extensive transportation of grains, various brokerage costs, selling and advertising costs.

Pilgrimage to the Black Madonna

(At the shrine of the Black Madonna of Czenstochova, Poland, August 15, 1930.)

We are the stranger sons,
the prodigals, we have returned.
We are the lonely ones
who always sought for you and yearned.

We found the opened gate,
the ancient house our people fled,
and friendly hands that wait
to serve us wine and salt and bread.

And what we have endured:
that hunger in our hearts since birth,
their smiles and words have cured.
O Black Madonna bless their hearth!

EDWARD ALAN SYMANSKI.

THE ART OF HELPING

By HELAN MAREE TOOLE

IN THIS period of economic and social disorganization, when everything is in a state of agitation and change, we hopefully look forward to ultimate triumph—an advance in social progress purchased by physical and mental suffering in all classes of society.

The bewildering disaster of 1929 and prosperity's subsequent disappearance around the corner have caused a general disturbance, requiring the majority of men and women to accommodate their changed selves to changed surroundings. There had been little or no external or internal variations entering into the daily lives of millions of families and individuals in American cities and villages when this crisis arose that broke up the whole routine of their economic and social life. Consequently many find themselves unequal to meet the demands of rapid readjustment.

After three groping years of insecurity in an altered world, the American people are still feverishly trying to penetrate this maze of intellectual confusion and moral floundering by attempts to make suitable adjustments, to formulate new ideas and an adequate sense of values.

The national government accumulates reports and statistics and strives toward national economy, while the populace staggers along under an increasing tax burden. In the states, counties and cities (not to mention private relief agencies) resources are almost exhausted while poverty is steadily spreading. Out of this economic plight that has wedged its way into almost everyone's life two factors, among others, have emerged: the growing realization of a leveling process, that a man may have enough for this month's expenses but nothing for next month; and a deepening conviction that the alleviation of human distress is everyman's job.

Individuals who took little interest in the conditions of other men and the general welfare program around them, during the selfish boom years, are now becoming interested in community organizations and learning the art of helping. This practice is gradually becoming an integral part of the life of all sympathetic and thinking men and women. There is evidence of this in the broadening social outlook developing among American people and resulting in a widespread interest in the diverse fields of social welfare. Newspapers are giving more space to the work accomplished and the preventive measures that must be taken. The man on the street is now talking freely and more intelligently about the various agencies and organizations of relief. The profession of welfare work now stands clearly in the light: it is essential for the relief of present distress and the solution of future problems.

Those who covertly avoid constructive work are in the minority. Throughout the United States are noble men and women with the necessary faith and farseeing

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vision, the essential strength and stanch courage, to face this prolonged emergency. They are a product of these uncertain times, the hope of the future, and they move as dynamic forces through this changing world, conscious of man's modicum of being, truth and love. These loyal citizens are conserving so that they may give financial assistance to those in greater need. They endeavor in their business and social life to keep men's spirits alive, striving to encourage a firm grasp on reality as well as hope and faith.

As these valiant Americans patiently watch for the golden dawn of a new economic era, they are filled with a keen desire to maintain the concept of human brotherhood in its ascendancy during this period of unrest. Every day they meet those who are maintaining their balance in the face of overwhelming trials, those who are eager to work, men who say:

> No alms, I ask; give me my task:
> Here are the arm, the leg,
> The strength, the sinews of a man,
> To work and not to beg.

They encounter still others who are lost, utterly submerged, bewildered and frightened, groping blindly in a world of confusion.

In the response of these men and women to the needs of the less fortunate is seen the real spirit of the modern social workers. They must have tact not to thrust people out of their former selves, only to drop back again when the helping hand is removed, as well as money to give material relief month after month and year after year. Where are the millions of the nineteen-twenties?

If the physical factor has to be slighted in some degree, the psychological factor seldom is, for an individual who really wants to help others is sympathetic, understanding, tactful, and is able to grasp essential needs. The volunteer worker, the neighbor, the friend, the priest, all know that men in normal times are made up of disharmonies; and in the abnormal days of 1932 it takes infinitely more skill on their part to understand the conflicts and impulses that are assailing people and to appreciate the real relation of all things concerned.

Beauty and power exist in the moment when a helpless man sees a face kindle with understanding and in that instant both participants are aware that they have passed through a unique experience—a great experience that must modify each man's life. This is the real art of helping: to seek truth and then build on its firm foundation. This implies the reëstablishment of a man's faith and confidence in God, in mankind and in himself, the restoration of his sense of security and the courage to face the future.

Out of this time of economic pressure has arisen a growing realization of the necessity of national relief measures and a reawakening of the idea that no ceremony or honor becomes a man "with one half so good a grace as mercy does."

JUNÍPERO SERRA

By ANNE RYAN

IN PALMA the winter is never sharp; the friendly half-dark begins at four o'clock, the sun sets, the first stars are like torches imperceptibly arcking above the black-vivid, naked mountains, and "people move, love, hurry, in a gently arriving gloom." But when the rain sweeps, shutters are put up and donkeys, waiting outside the misted *fondas* to take belated peasants into the country again, have a goat pelt thrown over them—a patch of different colored hair about which there is something ludicrous, tantalizing and indifferent.

It was on just such a night of early rain that a young Franciscan was returning to his monastery in the town of Petra. He had been sent into the city of Palma that morning on an unimportant errand, one connected simply with the daily affairs of his convent. Now through the courtyard and arches of the bishop's palace, past the spiked windows of ancient *casas,* past the twisted and frantic *toldos*—those linen awnings over the windows, now dripping into the street—he was hurrying toward the one light visible. At the turn in the narrowest passage an old bookseller was waiting for him.

Because this young monk had the zealous and curious mind of youth he invariably used his supper hour in this manner. Afterward he would meet, on the edge of the city at a given road, the three or four companions who also had been messengers that day; then they would climb into the canvas-covered *carro,* by means of strings draw its canvas top into a close little hood, light the candle to shine dimly in an open paper bag, chain the wolfish bitch between the wheels, and start again those first prayers of the evening, that "Ave Maria Purissima," with which every traveler and every peasant begins his journeys.

So this one hour to himself was highly prized by the young monk. There is something inner, dim and tunneling about browsing in a bookshop—the unexpected is at hand, a new country like a half-familiar name is found, or a newly linked memory; moods like a smoldering fire burn, and a name in the pages may blaze, rise, beacon, to be seen even a long way off. When he had stopped in the morning to tell the bookseller he had come, that Palma old one had shown him a history he had found; it might interest Father Torrens because it spoke in the first chapter of Petra and because later on the word America appeared. All day Torrens had been thinking of Petra, making a sort of equation in his head in which his forgotten city-of-the-plain could be made to link in some manner to the terrible sum of a continent. The conjecture was fruitless; Petra remained, as it does to this day, a place where shepherds drive in their flocks at night, where water is drawn from a common well and "wheat of any class" is garnered.

Night had already come when he reached the bookseller's. He stood in the doorway out of the rain, shook the rain from his cloak, and they settled the brazier between them. It was a volume loosened with age that he had in his hands. The shopkeeper hadn't read it . . . his arm leaned even then against a tower of stiff volumes, and as they became silent his fingers commenced to turn again thin, stained pages as evenly as though they had been good, slow bites. . . .

The great Franciscan, Junípero Serra, was born at Petra, November 24, 1713. He came of peasant stock, the tough fiber and steady heart of the country man. When he was but seventeen years old he received the habit of his order, and it is recounted of him that, reading the Franciscan chronicles to which he devoted his novitiate, there "burned in him the desire to devote his life to pagan conversion." It was nineteen years

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later, when he was thirty-six years old, that his desire was granted. Only then, in the flower of his maturity, when the facts of his eloquence and sanctity had been related by his cardinal-archbishop in Rome, was the brave and still youthful man allowed to go. At that it was by chance that he got his place.

From the convents of Europe a band of Franciscans had been organized. They had gathered at Malaga, a seaport on the southernmost coast of Spain, and they were waiting in that cathedral town for the first favorable winds of spring. But a winter of strange climate in a strange land where the continuous song of women is like a shuttle from lips to lips, and the sun is like a black, sweet wine, had disturbed the spirit of some of these men. Their zeal weakened. They had had time to think of wild lands and barbaric gods, to listen in the hours of speaking to tales of torture and of superhuman hardships. The whispering grew. So it happened one morning that two stood against the others—not defiantly, but sadly, giving over with tears that which had been a vivid dream. The superiors then looked on the list of those who had applied; one name had held for years, the name of Junípero Serra. The reward of his perseverance, his eloquence, his wisdom, had come at last; word was sent to his Mallorcian convent and he was allowed the added joy of selecting a companion, another monk from his house, one Francis Patlou who afterward became his chronicler. The link of this relationship was never broken; in death, in history, the names of these two are still remembered together.

The naïveté of the monks of Petra is woven with their records. In 1607, says one account, "the jurymen of Petra asked for a foundation of Franciscans; since that time these have been the consolation of afflicted persons, having always broth for the sick and cheese for the poor. And they were getting that broth and that cheese from their sheep which grazed in the boundary pasture grounds. . . ." What new fervor at the announcement of Junípero Serra's acceptance must have descended into the hearts of these farmer monks! They must have felt sure that the happenings of that time would live as a story retold forever. But it was forgotten. Even today nine-tenths of the people of this region can neither read nor write; the peasant seldom hears of America, and then only as a fabulous place. It was in the monastery itself that from time to time legends were recounted, particularly the one of how, before he left, the simple missionary—whose words everyone could understand—had preached his final sermon and visited each in turn the chapels of his special devotion. And so vivid was his feeling then when he looked for the last time on the face of Santa Monica, of Santa Clara, San Diego, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, San Carlos de Monterey and Los Angeles, that when he came, in his full vigor, to his own foundings, the relation to his life of these dim chapels had not faded but grown; for each and every one of these altars still there, there is wonderfully, even now, a mission or a city named in the fairest valleys of the world.

It took fifteen days for the two missionaries to make a crossing from Palma to Malaga. Once he arrived at Malaga, Junípero Serra, fearing that too much discussion had undermined the morale, and that the entire band would dissolve, hurried the expedition on to Cadiz where they were to embark. What he had expected, partly took place; three more monks refused to sail. Three more Mallorcians were sent for, so that now the Balearic Isles were represented by a third in this band. Like the good general he was, he knew the value of men.

It was ninety-nine days before they reached Vera Cruz. Horses were waiting for them, a cavalcade. But in an excess of zeal, unwearied by the journey, Junípero Serra set out on foot with his companion, Patlou, for Mexico City; and the Indians who came through the smoky dusk-forests to the camps on the way at once knew his humility, his healing hands, and his eyes blazing with holiness.

For nine years he preached at Xalpan, Mexico, and it was only after this time that he was sent into California and the great work of his life commenced. Nine missions in all, besides the settlements of San Francisco, Los Angeles and San José, are his glory. Indians helped him to build his first churches and of these, the old bells, the plateresque portals, the wonderful simplicity of line and mass are but the very definite character of a transplanted Spanish architecture.

Pope Clement XVI granted him the faculty of confirming, and the last seventeen years of his life were principally devoted to Indian conversion. He died at Monterey and was buried there August 28, 1784, being seventy-one years of age. Patlou relates that on that day in all the valleys Indian drums were sounding, and in every remote teepee a barbaric mourning for the dead man was heard.

The name of this great soldier-priest of the West is written on every page of its history: he *was* its history, he *was* the West. The frail legends about his name grow more sturdy, widespread and honored. At Washington he has his place in the Hall of Fame and in California he has several monuments.

But Petra, his birthplace, because it existed century after century, obscure and illiterate, in the center of the Forgotten Isles, was totally unaware of the gigantic figure of her son. The drama lies in the discovery of the stained paper volume that rainy night in Palma; the drama lies in what happened in the imagination of the young seminarist, as all great drama lies, in its essence, merely in a gesture, in a fleeting expression, in a tremendous excitement, in the inner state of that unearthly country of the mind. Torrens is still alive. He is a gracious, quiet priest; his work at Palma is among the orphans of the Hermanas del Temple—those nuns who, garbed in beautiful red habits and blue veils, seem to have stepped out of an old book of pictures. To go to see him is an experience; his closed study has its faint odor of incense; the austere Spanish wall-surface is cut by exquisite niches; he moves carefully the little, native copper lamps about the room, from darkness to darkness, like successive steps in an unknown stairway. At last he settles with a brazier at his feet, to tell again his part of discovery, and in an instant the whole dynamic force of the man is visible—the drama, the gesture. . . .

On the wall over his head hangs a framed piece of rich embroidery; it is the letters simply of one word, the name of a country he will never see—California.

Ireland

I am the oldest of all things that are:
For thirty rivers I have been the bridge;
With Cochulain I stood upon the ridge
Of battle, and with Maeve I wept afar.
I fought with Finn upon the yellow sands;
With three wild swans I fled across the fen;
After the centuries I feel again
The blood of Usna's sons upon my hands.
I wandered with Oisin three ages long,
Groping among the shadows. I have seen
All. There is nothing that I have not been,
Nothing that is not native to my song.
I touch my harp, and straightway, on its strings
Move the dim fingers of forgotten kings.

MARION GRUBB.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE POVERTY OF PLAINCHANT

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor: Re Gregorian as discussed in your weekly review, THE COMMONWEAL, may I add a word. Since entering college more than fifty years ago, the writer has sung Gregorian. He sang it while at school, being a member of the boys' choir. He has given the matter much thought and experience, study and application.

To sing Gregorian, one must live Gregorian. Chant is modulated sound. Speech is articulated sound. Both speech and song are self-expression. We have lived in an age and country which has started and developed jazz. Jazz is the self-expression of an age, a people, a spirit, which has cast aside all self-control. Jazz recognizes none of the laws of music, yet it is controlled by laws and rules of its own.

To live Gregorian means to live liturgically, to live according to the Holy Spirit, who is the inspirer of the liturgy in both modulated and articulated sound. The thought and sentiment of the soul within seeks expression through the body, its senses and agents of expression.

Even as the hand of the clock points at the twelve hours, or at the twelve times five minutes, sixty in all; so, let us say, there are twelve major, or sixty minor, modes of self-expression. These twelve major or sixty minor modes of self-expression show the various modes which cover the entire scale of man's moral status, good, bad or indifferent, or else saintly and wicked, or else as controlled by the Holy Spirit or by the evil spirit.

Jazz is about the nadir of what Gregorian is the zenith. No man can serve two masters and no man can appreciate the Gregorian and the jazz at the same time.

Nor can a jazzy spirit express properly the sentiment which is embodied in Gregorian music. Nor can anyone who spreads himself out in public life, in matters of the world, or even in a life that is not near the spirit of the Holy Ghost and of grace, of a sudden turn about and express himself properly in the music which is so sublimely interpreted by the monks within their cloisters living and thinking. The Church leads the contemplative life. The world leads the active life. The active life may be sanctified by a dose of the contemplative, even as the contemplative life may be corrupted by a dose of the active life. Our Lord led the active life, but constantly withdrew up into a mountain for the contemplative life.

People go out and get soiled. They go home and clean up. Not everyone can go to the cloister and lead the contemplative life. But everyone can go home and love home and stay home and gather their thoughts and lead a more or less contemplative life, by being recollected. They can stay recollected outdoors, but this means an effort, a struggle, a striving against odds.

Home life is Gregorian. Out in the streets, the shops, stores, office, etc., life nowadays is more or less jazz. The depression has curbed a lot of the jazz, because jazz costs money. A good life is cheaper than a bad life. Maybe the present depression will have a good effect, and if so, it will restore in a measure a love for the Gregorian and a loathing for jazz. The operatic Masses are midway between Gregorian and jazz, neither of either. They filled the desire for wordly music in churchly environment and prepared the way for the modern jazz, and estranged the people from the mediaeval Golden Age of the Gregorian.

A choir of recollected, devout, world-loathing singers can sing Gregorian in so fine and captivating a manner, that its innate heavenly charm wins all who hear it. Given a choir that makes an annual closed retreat, Gregorian modulation (chant) and Gregorian articulation (speech, conferences) its theme, you will have a choir that will be a revelation, greater than any choir thus far produced by our Gregorian schools. But the entire choir must make the retreat in a body, lest false individuals spoil it all.

Not theory but practise is needed. Not Gregorian scales but Gregorian lives are needed. Let the choirmaster be a man of God, devout, kind, prayerful, and the Gregorian chant is restored. Let him, to understand, be a daily communicant.

REV. HENRY BORGMANN, C.SS.R.

A LAYMAN'S PLAINT

Chatham, Mass.

TO the Editor: The opinion of E. J. Fitzgerald regarding the sermons from Catholic parish pulpits under the caption, "A Layman's Plaint," in the June 22 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, is a very interesting opinion. It is interesting, especially, for two reasons. First, because it represents the reaction of many Catholics to a situation that actually does exist. This plaint is indeed no straw man raised for the fun of knocking it down. Secondly, because it presents a question that has at least one immediate answer.

The situation is briefly expressed in the following quotation from "A Layman's Plaint": "The necessity of frequent sermonizing on catechism fundamentals is acknowledged. But why the perennial treatment of adult Catholics as minors, if not morons?"

And the question summing up the whole plaint seems to be: "What is to be done about this situation?" The question is undoubtedly addressed to the clergy, thereby leaving the answer to them. But their problems are myriad, and preaching—or more accurately talking from the pulpit—is not the foremost concern of our clergy. A priest may be eminently successful in his divinely ordained duties, and yet be far from successful as a sermonizer. If the Protestant minister, on the other hand, fails in attaining the necessary standard of pulpit oratory, his success is disastrously jeopardized.

When I first became acutely aware that the Sunday sermon was annoying my sense of the adequate, I resorted to saying my beads while the sermon went monotonously on. Distractions easily hinder my progress in the rosary, however; and I soon realized that instead of saying my prayers I was mentally reconstructing the sentences proceeding from the pulpit. Once for my own satisfaction I even rewrote the sermon I had listened to, because I had presumed to judge the original an insult to the intelligence of us churchgoers.

It must have been some gleam of genuine intelligence, however, that aroused me to the realization that my self-imposed critical attitude was perhaps more in need of analysis than the preaching. I reasoned thus with myself: The priest is obliged to speak simply in order to reach everyone. What was financial truth for David W. Griffith must be spiritual truth for the priest—the average intellect may be only nine years old. But I argued back, simplicity ought not to offend. Either the pulpit style is not truly simple, or there is something wrong with my reception of it. And after applying this dilemma test, I found my answer between the horns, an answer which may be of assistance to other "persons in the pews." The usual pulpit style has its faults; yet, however faulty, it always carries some one idea, some one suggestion that is food for thought. Instead of counting the split infinitives and deploring the triteness, I listen now for that "sole" suggestion. This morning, the

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Gospel being according to Saint Matthew, chapter vii, the sermon was on the keys to heaven, a hackneyed subject surely and treated in the usual mediocre way. To add further difficulty, the preacher's voice was a sad, sing-song monotone. But that voice uttered one particular sentence: "Each of us holds his own key of heaven." These few words themselves unlocked a door to serious thought that challenged attention not only during the sermon but ever since.

The situation exists. Why not add to the "least common denominator" that the pulpit offers, further sums from our literate, adult backgrounds?

KATHLEEN MORLEY ROGERS.

COVENTRY PATMORE'S GRAVE

West Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor: Doubtless, if you have not already seen it, both you and your readers will be greatly interested in the following extract from the Correspondence department of the *Times Literary Supplement* for May 19, 1932, on Coventry Patmore's grave.

"Sir: The justice of Mr. Gifford Bax's reference in your correspondence of last week to Coventry Patmore as 'the most neglected of our notable poets' has just been brought home to me during a visit to Lymington, where the poet spent his last years and where he died. I wished to see the house, but no one I asked could direct me to it, nor was there any mention of Patmore in the local guide book. Finally I tried a house which looked like the description in Champney's 'Life,' at the far end of the toll-bridge. It was the house, but no one in it had heard of Patmore, until a lady came forward who justified my guess. The grave in the Roman Catholic portion of the cemetery had a neglected look. The elegant little obelisk is yellowing with lichen, moss and dandelions are encroaching on the pedestal, and the quotations from the poet's prose and verse, as well as the dates, will soon at the present rate of obliteration be hard to make out.—John Eglinton."

The letter of Mr. Clifford Bax referred to above is on Patmore and Ford and deals with a copy of Ford's works, a two-volume edition formerly owned by Patmore and bearing his penciled quotations, and it is these that Mr. Bax in writing about spoke of as follows: "Some of these markings are so characteristic of Patmore's peculiar personality that they may be of interest to anyone who esteems the most neglected of our notable poets."

ROBERT HART LEWIS.

TWO VIEWS ON RUSSIA

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: I beg leave to add a slight verbal correction to my recent reply to Mr. Connick on the subject of Soviet Russia and the Amtorg Trading Corporation. In referring to the Honorable John Bassett Moore's pronouncement in favor of recognition of the Soviet Union, I said, "at a banquet." The speech, I find, was made at a meeting of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, not at a banquet.

REV. EDMUND A. WALSH, S.J.

Editors Note: We also wish to note that, due to a printer's error, a line was misplaced in the first sentence of the last paragraph of Mr. Connick's letter. This sentence should read: "I condemn with Father Walsh what I understand to be the Communist attitude toward religion and I would aid in every way I can his defense of the principles of religious liberty."

BOOKS

Two Poets

Conquistador, by Archibald MacLeish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Preludes for Memnon, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MR. ARCHIBALD MACLEISH'S position is now secure among the three or four genuinely important innovators of our time. Certain of his poems have that quality which can only be described as classical repose—a rare quality today. For all the contending forces that surround them, they maintain a noble and aloof composure.

"Conquistador" is not, strictly speaking, a narrative: it is not a concise, chronological account of events. It falls somewhere between the tradition of the monologue of Elizabethan poetic drama and that of the lyric. Its form is personal: the poem as a whole might well be described as a sort of dramatized lyric. Though it contains passages of concrete visual images, figures in movement as in a frieze, the final substance is subjective. Indeed, Mr. MacLeish is, among contemporary poets, almost solitarily in possession of the gift of giving an intense and personal significance to the concrete minutiae of a landscape, and it is this gift which marks him of the great tradition of poetry.

The skeleton of "Conquistador" is the "True History of the Conquest of New Spain" of Bernál Díaz del Castillo. The account of the historical events is the account of the "True History," the interpretation of them singularly Mr. MacLeish's. The point of view governing his interpretation is not that of the antiquarian, but of a contemporary poet dissatisfied with his time. Echoes of the 1930's are not absent: Mr. MacLeish, del Castillo, are found to remark, in a contemporary bitterness, "the big names," "the pompous Latin." A species of historical impressionism resorted to by Ezra Pound in his interminable "Cantos" is to be met with in such passages as:

> ". . . and the Emperor Charles came home
> That year: and that was the year the same
> They fought in Flanders and the Duke was hung—"

The characteristic marks of Mr. MacLeish's poetry lie in his sharp, often breathtaking, use of words; and in the creation, from a simple image of concrete things, of a profound and intricate apprehension of things which exist only within. His rhythms are often masterly, his blank verse more distinguished than that of any of his contemporaries.

Mr. Aiken's "Preludes" is a tragic book. Disillusioned, disconsolate almost, its tragedy is not alone Mr. Aiken's, exceedingly personal though it may be, but the tragedy of the individual in contemporary society, the heir to a culture that is diverse, dispersed down a variety of corridors, lacking cohesiveness, impossible of articulation and yet insisting upon articulation. Down one of these corridors, clarification, resolution, may be found: in their midst, Mr. Aiken brandishes arms, calls, expostulates, debates—chiefly with himself. In another age, Mr. Aiken's predicament would be recognized as "the dark night of the soul." One can understand, if one cannot assist at, the articulation he apprehends but does not achieve. Mr. Aiken is alone. Yet his predicament is one he shares with many —his dilemma is that of faith armed with too many weapons against itself.

Mr. Aiken objectifies subjective states with skill, recklessness, cruelty, the cruelty of the wounded spirit turned against

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itself. "The mind too, has its snows, its slippery paths, walls bayonetted with ice, leaves ice-encased," he says. He writes of:

"The uprush of angelic wings, the beating
Of wings demonic, from the abyss of the mind. . . ."

The tone of these "Preludes" is harsh, loud, abrupt, alternately gentle, wistful, managing alternately to have the brashness of the Elizabethans—Ford, chiefly—and the gentleness of the pastoral poets. But praise is almost gone from them. Mr. Aiken excels in a sort of rhetoric, existing almost entirely for itself—sensuous, exceedingly conscious, employing to the full the devices of the musician with words. His chief weakness is in a certain commonplaceness of word, of image, as "memory, like a juggler," and an irritating falseness of word and image, for example, a flower spoken of as a "creature of brightness."

RAYMOND LARSSON.

The Secretary of War

"Pat" Hurley: The Story of an American, by Parker La Moore. New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $1.50.

"HERE is a true story of a modern American whose ability and character have carried him from small beginnings to fortune and high position—a career as inspiring as it is colorful." Thus the blurb on the first page of the paper jacket. No doubt, Secretary Hurley has ability and character, and has attained fortune and high position. His career may be "colorful" —whatever that means—but the little volume before us does not show in what sense it is "inspiring." Judged by worldly standards, the subject of this sketch has been successful. The numerous and lengthy selections from his speeches do not exhibit him as a profound thinker nor devoted champion of any great cause.

"No one who knows Pat Hurley doubts but that [sic] he is a firm and enthusiastic believer in the economic policies of Herbert Hoover." Quite so. He even believes that most of the causes of the depression "have originated in other nations and have swept upon our country from abroad." He declares that "from the very beginning the President has had a program not only for the meeting of temporary emergencies but for the future"; and that he sent to Congress last fall "a well-designed and quite understandable and sound economic program." One wonders what Secretary Hurley thinks of that program today, after the intervening months have witnessed a steady decline in business activities and a steady and rapid increase in unemployment. However, Secretary Hurley does not seem to be deeply moved by the spectacle of several million men without work and without means of living. Speaking in opposition to a bill for the relief of the unemployed at a hearing of a committee of the House of Representatives early in June, he declared: "We should do what our forefathers did. They got along well enough with much less than we have now. . . . What we need is something to restore the courage of the people to shift for themselves." No comment is necessary.

The author of this inadequate volume informs us that while Secretary Hurley "is possessed of the true Irishman's appreciation of religion, he is without the racial addiction to dogmatic doctrines—his own creed being big enough to see the good in all —and without partizanship because it is his own." How very touching! But there is more of it: "A Protestant by intellectual preference, he has visited about among the various churches of that school of thought, finding a spiritual inspiration in them all." Presumably the author is trying to tell us that the hero of his sketch is a very broadminded man.

JOHN A. RYAN.

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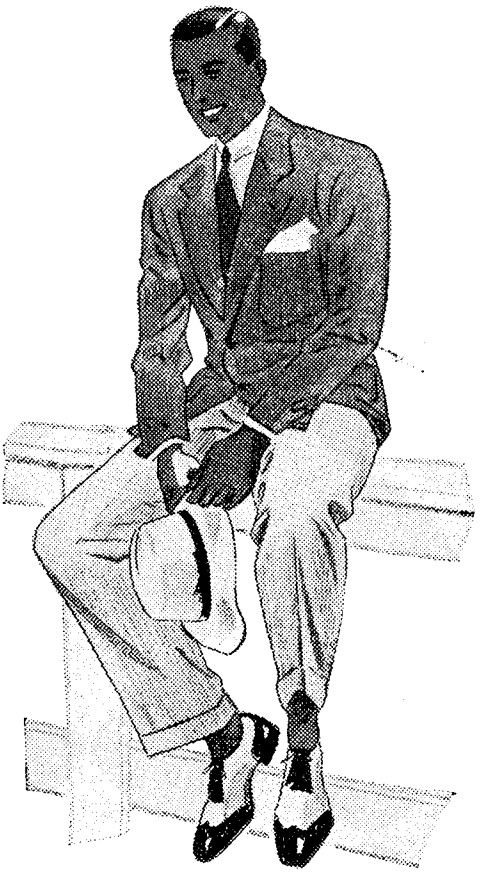

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NEXT WEEK

Canon Ernest Dimnet, author of "The Art of Thinking" and of the recently published "What We Live By," contributes a timely paper on THE SOBRIETY OF M. HERRIOT. With vivid strokes, the writer depicts the position in which France—keystone of the European situation—finds herself today. Canon Dimnet, experienced observer, clear thinker, points to the realities of opposed interests and the shrewd and subtle men who behind barrages of polite phrases are playing for special advantages. These things are not stated cynically, but to encourage a little sobriety in arriving at conclusions and to discourage those who run about crying "Eureka!" . . . Next week Canon Dimnet and the week following, G. K. Chesterton . . . Having gone into our own national politics pretty thoroughly of late and the protagonists of these having paused now for a short breathing spell before the great verbal offensives—in some cases very offensive!—shall begin again, we thought we might look around at the neighbors. Lindsay Crawford contributes a paper on THE BRITISH ECONOMIC CONFERENCE. This conference will affect matters in which we are vitally interested, as well as others in which we have a dispassionate, but none the less lively, interest. Mr. Crawford points out the likely scrimmages . . . PROGRESS AND CHANGE, by George Macdonald, is a delightfully philosophical and scholarly paper on the hectic aspect of modern life seen *sub species aeternitatis*. . . . THE GUARDIAN OF GARDENS, by Ethel M. Smith, advances the cause of a new patron saint and a jolly and charming one.

Butterfly in a Bottle

What Is Beauty?, by E. F. Carritt. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.50.

THE BEST modern theories of aesthetics seem to derive from, converge on, or center in Croce. Croce has his flaws, but insensitiveness to beauty is not one of them. He regards the sense of beauty as intuition. The only change Mr. Carritt makes is to use a simpler word, to substitute for intuition, "imagination." This makes the whole world of beauty kin. Thus an artist must have imagination to create beauty, and the spectator must have it, too, to see the beauty. Beauty therefore, like love, depends upon the mind. It is a subjective thing. If one cannot see it, he may be confident either that he has little or no imagination or that extraneous elements, such as sentiment, propaganda, usefulness or even morality (although imagination is often moral), interpose between him and it.

An aesthetician can do one of two uncommon things. He can have the unusual pleasure of watching the wheels go round, the wheels of the brain and the feelings, or he can test out, as a sensorium, the many theories of beauty. Mr. Carritt does something of both. He is splendidly analytical, and finally gets down to considering beauty as pattern, and beauty as expression. But each one of these, exclusively, beauty is not. "Mere feelings are not beautiful, mere arrangement of sound, shape, color would not be so. . . . But both elements, that of passion and that of order, must always be present, more or less balanced, in everything that is beautiful."

Everybody discovers beauty in works of art when he discovers them, as Mr. Carritt says, to be stamped with humanity and human feelings. Only, the artist and the spectator see beauty in reverse ways: the artist probes his feelings and then finds a mold in which to express them, while the spectator sees the mold and appraises it by having to find in himself the feelings it expresses.

This is a very unusual book, capable of righting all the harm done by confused notions on the subject.

JAMES W. LANE.

Native America

Antique Dubuque: 1673-1833, by M. M. Hoffmann. Dubuque, Iowa: Telegraph-Herald Press.

THE OFT-REPEATED maxim that Americans ought to take an interest in local history has borne excellent fruit in Father Hoffmann's case. His book is not a chronicle of the city now known as Dubuque (though that is not devoid of interest), but rather the story of a certain "spot in the center of which" the city now stands. Marquette and Jolliet reached there in 1673; other explorers followed; and during the early years of the eighteenth century the lead mines of the vicinity began to be worked by diligent Frenchmen. But though there are picturesque mementos of primeval white residents and Indian aborigenes, the true history of the place begins with Sieur Julien Dubuque, who arrived in 1788.

Most of Father Hoffmann's time is occupied with relating what happened during Dubuque's time, and with what followed during the immediately subsequent years. The narrative is carried through the Black Hawk War to the era of settlement. Thus we are afforded an unusually fascinating cross-section of frontier history. All is done with meticulous care and yet with artistic distinctions. The book is, in short, a memoir of vastly more than local importance. The format is exceptionally attractive.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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Briefer Mention

Song and Its Fountains, by A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THOSE who are familiar with Mr. George Russell's poems and speculative writings will know just what to expect of this interpretation of poetry. It is in some ways a remarkably candid book. Few writers have struggled harder to reveal their understanding of the creative process as exemplified in their own work; and there are passages here at once so humble and so sure of their rightness that little has been written about poetic intuition to surpass them. On the other hand, A. E. sees life swathed in mystery, which imagination apprehends reverently but not intellectually. The central ideas of Blake are here reinterpreted in a sense nearer to Plotinus, so that nothing could be more remote from current rationalistic critical notions than this little book. "I think," says A. E., "there should be as much interest in the truth about the making of a thing as in the thing that is made. If I choose to speak about my own poetry it is not because I think it is so fine a thing that what I say about it should be of interest to others, but because in the making of poetry I discovered . . . something about the nature of that psyche which began incarnating in me in early childhood." For those interested in the question so proposed, the several chapters of this book contain much of value.

Whence the "Black Irish" of Jamaica?, by Joseph J. Williams, S.J. New York: The Dial Press. $2.00.

FATHER WILLIAMS, whose treatise on the Jews in Africa has received so much favorable attention, has now written a little book on an interesting aspect of Irish bond-servant history in the West Indies. The specific question asked is, what explains the presence of Irish names among the Negroes of Jamaica? But the evidence accumulated has to do mostly with the export of Irishmen to Barbados in Cromwellian times. Though the author does not succeed in showing just how many men, women and children were shipped off to live as near slaves in the hot and unhealthy islands, he properly infers that the number was very considerable. When armies were subsequently recruited for service in Jamaica, there was a heavy levy of Irishmen. Practice of the Faith under such conditions was, generally speaking, impossible; and in all likelihood the names are the sole remaining tokens of a once numerous and sorely tried exile population. Father Williams's book professes to be scholarly and it really is. Nevertheless an ardent sympathy with the victims of tyranny and bigotry renders the narrative quite dramatic and impressive.

The Words of the Missal, by Reverend C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

ACTUALLY this is devotional reading, for the style is pleasing and the contents have a wide appeal. To have a full comprehension of the value of Father Martindale's book it is necessary to read it with a missal at hand. It will impress many with the manifold beauties of and the increase of devotion to the Holy Sacrifice missed by those who do not fully participate in the Mass by joining in the celebrant's prayers. For those who do constantly use a missal, the book is designed to evoke the full quintessence of meaning and aptness of words in the proper of the Mass, particularly in those instances where inadequacies of the English language prevent an exact translation. Father Martindale does not advocate that his book be read in a short time but rather advises that it be taken up in brief periods.

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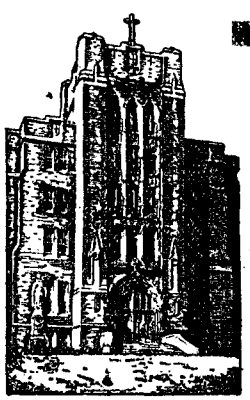

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Soviet River, by Leonid Leonov; translated by Ivor Montagu and Sergei Nolbandov. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

IT IS easy to understand why Leonid Leonov is widely read and extremely popular in present-day Russia. Despite the faults of his two Russian translators, we can recognize his force as a writer and as an almost mystical believer in the regeneration of Russia through Bolshevism. This is the story of the building of a paper mill: in petto, the story of the struggles of the whole Soviet experiment. The personal drama in the lives of the workers is overshadowed by the task before them. Suzanne, a chemist, a young woman of the new era, ardent devotee of the new faith, and Uvadiev, a middle-aged engineer, her lover, are the focal points in the crowded, interlocking pattern of the book. The workers on the building project are confronted by unyielding hostility and suspicion in the natives. The peasants, forced to leave their vermin-infested hovels for a well-equipped village across the river, and the monks of the decaying hermitage at Makarikha, are sources of complication and tragedy in the clash between the new, specialized progress and the old inertia. Suzanne's father commits suicide, Potemkin dies, the river destroys the work of months. Misunderstanding, adverse publicity, lack of funds, obstruct the rebuilding. Suzanne chooses a younger man for husband. The work goes on. Uvadiev goes on. Enough for him is his creed—that the paper-mill will play its part in the reclaiming of man.

The Ninth Witch and Other Poems, by Edward Davison. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

EDWARD DAVISON must greatly irritate the more experimental practitioners of the poetic art, the children of Ezra Pound, the brethren of E. E. Cummings. He holds to the notion that there is still scope in the smooth and settled forms of English verse for the expression of a poet's varied moods. He is quite right; the time-molded forms are not broken. But Mr. Davison's is no uneasy spirit. His thoughts, his emotions, his philosophies, are those which poets have voiced time out of mind; no very large-hewn personality breaks through. If one likes well-wrought verse, with much richness of texture and lovely music and color, one will like Mr. Davison. But many a modern reader will find himself reading Davison's lines, wishing for a touch of excitement, a stir and a passion that are not here. The most experimental touch he permits himself is an occasional breaking of the smooth line into the looser rhythms discovered by Yeats. There are some obviously "early verses" here which could well be spared; there are also uncommonly beautiful achievements. The title poem is feeble and negligible and, to Catholics, will not be very edifying.

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